

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



CLOUDS GATHERING.

## CROSS CURRENTS.

CHAPTER XXXII.—THUNDER CLOUDS.

IF Clarice was not happy in her handsome house in Curzon Street, it was not the fault of her husband. He gave her all in his power to give, lavishly decorated both her home and person, and pleased himself by seeing her admired. But Clarice was happy in her way. She had her dinners, her routs, her invitations, her toilettes, and what does

perhaps with some give salt to it all—ses en vieuses. She was remarked for her taste and elegance. When Mrs. Ray Ashworth's skirts swept into a room, not a few, less favoured, looked to see how they might profit by the study of her appearance. But she had something far better than all the gifts that fortune can lavish upon her favourites—she had the one which is a good woman's honour and delight, and which some on bended knees have vainly asked of Heaven. She had in her keeping the happiness of

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X

PRICE ONE PENNY.

her life's companion; she had a bruised heart which she might have comforted, a gentle loving spirit into which she might have infused the balm of affection.

If those bright beings above could see the end from the beginning as they watch our erring and senseless course below, bartering real treasures for paltry toys, studiously sifting from our lives the purest gems we might easily appropriate, and clasping the least noble, perhaps the most base, with insensate joy, well might they droop their wings with sorrow, or fold them before their faces that they might not see the folly of humanity.

Latterly Ray had been depressed and unwell—nothing interested him long. Clarice turned monitor and scolded him, said it was a sin to be discontented in the midst of so many means of enjoyment, and, prescribing more amusement, busied herself with arranging fresh dinner parties. Ray meanwhile discovered a remedy more to his mind. The London season was far advanced before he took it into his head to ride in the neighbourhood of South Kensington. A few days ago, when slowly passing down one of the streets, the door of a house opened, and a lady habited in black came down the steps. Their eyes met. There was no mistaking the sweet smile that bade him welcome, and Ray, hastily dismounting, was soon pressing his aunt's hand within his own.

"Come in," said Mrs. Ashworth, "I am alone now, all the others are in Switzerland. When you see my table covered with papers, you will imagine yourself entering a public office. My sister has left me so much to do with her secretaryships and her protégées, that I have a large correspondence." So saying, she turned back into the house, whither Ray followed when he had found a street waif to hold his horse. He needed no second invitation. It was for this chance meeting that his horse's head had lately been so frequently turned in this direction. A great pleasure was it to Ray to spend an hour in happy converse with this dear relative from whom he had been separated so long, and he returned home quite cheerful.

"Guess whom I have seen to-day," said he, as Clarice entered the drawing-room before dinner, very handsomely attired, with many of the trinkets he had given her adorning her snowy neck and arms. It was a grand night at the opera to which they were going, and they were dining alone to-day. Clarice mentioned a few country acquaintances, and then bade him tell her as she was tired of guessing.

"No common friend," said Ray. The colour deepened on his wife's cheek as she exclaimed,

"Not Piers?"

"No, but Piers' mother. She seemed glad to see me. Perhaps I was too scrupulous in not finding her out before. She asked kindly after you. You will go with me to see her, my dear; I said you would."

"Of course, some day."

Ray looked disconcerted, but after the hesitation of a moment, said, with some decision, "It would be a graceful act to go to-morrow."

"To-morrow! that I am sure I shall not do. Next week, perhaps—when it suits me. You are ridiculous, Ray, about your family and family affections, just like a girl. I never worry you about mine."

"I half promised to bring you," expostulated Ray.

"That makes no difference, as I never authorised

you to do so. How often am I to tell you never to make engagements for me?"

As Clarice walked alone into the dining-room after her not very amiable remonstrance with her husband, and her glances into the large mirrors she passed were cast upon herself, she did not see the pained look that Ray's face, so joyous a few minutes before, now wore. Her own was rarely ruffled. She used to tell him that cross looks spoil the face. In addition to this prudential consideration, she knew well how to gain her point without any commonplace display of temper. Coldness or indifference on her part soon brought Ray to concession. He had lost so much for her sake that he could not afford to give up a particle of the few affections now left to him. They were like the leaves of Tarquin's Sibyl, increased in value as their number diminished.

More than a week passed, and Clarice found no opportunity of driving in the direction of Mrs. Ashworth's house. Ray went and made excuses for her; she was not always well, and was sometimes fanciful owing to her delicate state of health. Mrs. Ashworth listened with her accustomed gentleness, and made Ray happy while he was with her.

A memorable morning came after one of these visits. The day was cloudy—sultry; a few flocks, darker than the rest, massed themselves in the grey horizon. A thunder-storm was threatening, and even desired by many, for the closeness of a July day, when there is no radiation, is very great. But it did not come. There were about two smart crashes, and a few droppings of large rain, and the sky, without clearing, remained a universal grey. Believing the storm gone by, Ray ordered his horse early in the afternoon, promising himself a long visit to Mrs. Ashworth. Sitting near the window whilst waiting for it, he was watching the sky, the passers-by, the street incidents, and rattling cabs, in a dream-like reverie. Tired of the occupation, he stood up and looked blankly about him, his attitude expressing both fatigue and listlessness. He felt very tired—tired of so many things. He would gladly have done with them, as he had now with the cigar end that he tossed across the room into the fire-grate. He was tired just then of himself, and wished the groom would come round with the horse, or that he could put a different colour on his thoughts. What troubled him was that things once valued were losing their brightness. The daily routine was becoming wearisome, and he seemed gazing into a future concealed by haze and mist. If the horse would but come; what was the man about? He wanted the air and good exercise—above all, the renewal of his last conversation with his aunt. At this point of his reflections, a sound outside the door made him look round, just as Clarice, more beautiful than usual, with her colour heightened by the exertion of mounting so many stairs, entered the room. Ray's smoking-room being at the top of the house, was rarely visited by his wife. On this occasion she seemed to struggle for breath, and Ray was all tenderness in a moment.

"Why did you take the trouble to come up these stairs, my love; why did you not send for me to go to you?"

"I am so vexed," began Clarice, without noticing the kind reproach; "Mr. Mason has been here to excuse himself from dining with us to-morrow, having to leave town this evening. In conversational power we cannot easily replace him, but we

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must ask another in his stead. I want you to go round by your club and secure the most agreeable among the friends you may find there. How fortunate! there is William with your horse now coming to the door."

Clarice had approached the window and was standing beside her husband.

"I have no doubt I shall meet with some one to please you when I take my ride in the park. I am first going to South Kensington, or"—

A thought struck Ray which he hastened to express, hoping to bribe his wife into paying the neglected visit,—“or, if you will go with me, I will countermand the horse, and afterwards you can set me down at the club.”

“Why do you want to be always going to see Mrs. Ashworth?” asked Clarice, with a little frown on her brow. “This will be the fourth visit within ten days, without counting the Sunday when you thought it considerate to leave me to go to church alone, which you know I dislike, in order to listen to some preacher recommended by your aunt.”

Clarice attended one of the fashionable churches where the rank of the congregation was more patent than the instruction given. Unsatisfied himself, Ray, having vainly tried to induce her to seek a more profitable ministry, sometimes strayed away, and the previous Sunday had chosen to go to the church frequented by his aunt.

“Not recommended, for my aunt knew nothing about my being there until the service was over,” said Ray, emphasising Clarice’s expression.

“Approved then,” she said, tartly, “if I must be so careful in selecting my words, or else be marked down as an offender.”

She now and then adopted a scornful tone, which always irritated her husband. She did so now, but he let it pass, observing, with calmness, “As you do not wish to accompany me, I will take my ride where I first proposed, and afterwards go to the park. I am sure of seeing several of our acquaintance there.”

He looked at her fine profile, so well defined where she stood gazing into the street before her; his arm moved; he felt a longing to draw her to him and tell her some of the thoughts that troubled him. If he could do that, if in heart and mind they were really one, if she knew how to pluck the thorn from his bosom as he would so gladly do from hers, or soothe the wound with the balm that drops so sweetly from the hands of love, he felt there might yet be happiness for him, even if Piers and he never met again. But this was not the moment; the mocking curve, by which she often made him feel that she thought him weaker than herself, yet wreathed her lips, as it invariably did when his old affection for his aunt and cousin was put forward. She had no sympathy with sentimental regret, and, knowing how to make the best of the life that lay before her, expected the same from others.

“He that is wise is profitable unto himself.” Superficially she carried out the idea to the neglect of its true and deeper meaning. She cared not to know that the truest affections we possess require culture or they will perish. They must be sheltered alike from the scorching blasts of disappointment and from the frosts of caprice and indifference. Mismatched, they yield no return; recklessly squandered, they are gone for ever, not to be bought back by gold, or gems, or any created thing.

Ray’s tender impulse was checked on this occasion

by his wife’s look of disdainful superiority, so he let her go, with the desired confidence sealed up, the anxious thoughts unspoken, and the tender caress repelled. Clarice never knew how near and dear she might have been even then to that sensitive heart, nor the talismanic power her affection could have exercised over him. Our greatest losses are not always known to us, for the immutable laws of cause and effect may work secretly as well as powerfully.

“In undisturbed depths below,  
To massive weight the metals grow;  
In realms of darkness and of cold,  
The crystal takes its perfect mould.”

Something in ourselves—some omission or some transgression—is often the occasion of those afflictive events which in our ignorance we are apt to designate as mysterious dispensations of Providence!

The nature of Clarice was not a fine one; trifles did not affect her, nor did she understand that they might influence the more delicate mechanism of others. Like many a prosperous one, she had such an undisturbed opinion of the correctness of her own judgment, that she entertained a secret contempt for that of those who differed from her. In all probability she had never read the Wise Man’s criticism on characters of her description, “He that is void of wisdom despiseth his neighbour;” but even if she had, her mental organisation would prevent the self-application; she was one of those likely to see herself as she never appeared to others. Unobserving, and therefore ignorant, she had no just perception of characters different from her own, and naturally fell into misconception and mistake. She did not know that Ray’s finer-edged feelings sometimes required to be touched with tenderness and ease, the sympathy that gives that knowledge being altogether wanting in her. She did not see now that something was wrong; and even had she seen it, she would have been more disposed to censure than to soothe.

At the door she turned and repeated her charge, adding, as a spur to his memory, “I shall be really angry if you forget.”

“Never fear,” said Ray, without turning his head. “Before the day is over your wishes shall be attended to.”

And so they were, the last he ever executed for her.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.—RAY’S SOLILOQUY.

“The days of dreariness are sent us from above,  
They do not come in anger, but in faithfulness and love.”

To instil this lesson, though couched in different language, was Mrs. Ashworth’s aim in many of her recent conversations with her nephew. He was suffering from lowness of spirits, a malady for which there are more remedies than those usually prescribed by a regular physician. Ray had always been a favourite with her. In opposition to her son, she did not blame him about the marriage. She saw he had been drawn into it by the working of circumstances. During this visit, she gratified him by expressing the hope that he and her son would meet before the latter left England, as his departure had been deferred until the autumn.

All topics in which Ray felt a personal concern interested her. Handled by Mrs. Ashworth, the most serious became attractive. There was a sweet-



ness and reality in what she said that refreshed him. A clearer perception of things, hitherto veiled or strange, was breaking upon his mind. The sermon heard the previous Sunday had made a deep impression, cleaving to the memory and heart as words sometimes will when we least expect it. The text seemed indelibly fixed: "Where I am, there shall my servant be." It echoed in his ear, in his brain, and in his heart. The question, Who is meant by "my servant"? and the nature of the service to be rendered, was now seriously occupying his thoughts for the first time. He saw but dimly, as a prisoner might behold a slender ray of sunshine through a chink in his prison walls, but though the crevice admitting the light to him might be narrow, he knew that there was a flood of it in some places, casting an unrivalled beauty upon those whose hearts it warmed. To Mrs. Ashworth he could speak more freely than to any one else; some day he hoped to tell her all his mind—to reveal some of those dark spectres which from time to time flitted across his thoughts.

It was later than he imagined when Ray found himself in Rotten Row, and remembered the charge received from his wife. How tiresome! No one he saw there was likely to please Clarice. He rode on and fell into a reverie. How old was he? Not quite twenty-seven! Two years had not passed since he came into possession of his patrimonial estate, and a revenue that some might envy. Fain was he to acknowledge that its possession had been unattended with enjoyment. Why? He had that to ascertain. For wealth men toiled, taxed every energy, slaved, and took late rest. Without effort on his part it had come to him, and he found it insufficient to make him happy. He had no power to extract from it any real gratification; something was always wanting. Was this to be so until the end of life? Was it the normal, the inevitable condition of man? "No," he answered himself; many rich men were happy. What, then, was their secret, and how had he missed it? He remembered much in the past that he regretted—who does not when it sets our faults and mistakes in grim array?—much that he determined should never recur. The years to come should be so differently spent; perhaps something more satisfactory would grow out of them.

It was strange, yet true, that he had been far happier when performing his regimental duties amid all the inconveniences of an Indian climate than he was now. Stimulated by the hope of change, an indefinable expectation of something brighter, the future was then gaily coloured. Was it always so? Was anticipation ever as a beautiful fruit, tempting to the mind's eye, and dust and ashes to the taste? Were other men like himself? Out of the large number he knew, how few there were but had some line or mark of care upon their faces when at rest! How few probably smiled when alone!

So ran Ray's thoughts, and, as if to justify the conclusion to which he had arrived, he checked his horse, and looked about him. Obligated now and then to return a salute from some horseman or from the occupants of a carriage passing by, he did so mechanically, and immediately plunged again into meditation. Just then he had no inclination for social intercourse, and Clarice's commission was forgotten. The thought that lay heaviest was his estrangement from Piers. Was it for ever? He was too loyal to his wife to weigh his loss against

his gains, but, were it in his power, he would have given one-half of his fortune on the spot to repossess himself of the affection he had forfeited. His heart felt sore for himself more than for Piers—sore with a vague yearning; for what? He was afraid to fix his longing upon anything definite except a return of the vanished friendship.

Strange as it would appear to others, Ray found himself actually envying his cousin. Piers was now in tolerable health, not quite so strong as formerly, but sufficiently well to work, and was contemplating with pleasure his return to India with a new employment. His domestic hopes Mrs. Ashworth had not revealed. She had said that she trusted the cousins would meet before her son went away. They must meet, was the conclusion of Ray, who determined that no coldness on the side of Piers, no false pride or shame on his own, should stand in the way of a reconciliation. The old bond of brotherhood must and should be knitted together again, and the hand of Piers once more clasped in his own.

At this point in his soliloquy, Mrs. Ray Ashworth's carriage passed. She was leaning forward answering in an animated manner some remark of a gentleman riding near her. Her mouth, which when he saw her last curled with disdain at what she termed his "family weakness," wore now its most fascinating smile, and her dark lustrous eyes were brighter than ever. Though too sure of her beauty to be vain of it, and, to do her justice, too sensible also, she enjoyed admiration though receiving it as her right. It followed her wherever she went. Men must bow before a pretty face; it is an infatuation that enthral the wise as well as the thoughtless, and, till time shall end, they will always be inclined to add the homage of their hearts to the homage of their senses.

"She is very beautiful; who can help admiring her? And seems happy, too," sighed Ray. "What ails me that I see so little happiness in life?"

"How you are irritating your horse, Ashworth! He is chafed and angry. I have been watching you for some minutes. You will neither let him stand still nor go forwards."

These remarks came from one of Ray's old messmates, who had been walking under the trees near the Row, and now crossed over to speak to him from the other side of the railing. Ray at once bethought himself of his wife's commission.

"Very glad to see you, Cotton; you are just the man I am looking for. Can you dine with us to-morrow? You are not engaged?"

"No."

"That is well. You will come?"

"With pleasure."

"Have you heard that my cousin is returning to Calcutta? He has recovered from his accident better than any one expected, and has been offered a small civil appointment, which he has accepted."

"Very glad of it. Better that than worse. We were all very sorry for him, poor fellow! What is your dinner hour?"

"Half-past seven."

Major Cotton fell back among the pedestrians, and Ray started off at a canter for a short distance, and then pulled up, feeling vexed and irritated. The major's "poor fellow" grated on his ears. Though the expression was often used among his brother officers, he could never bring himself to echo it.

Major Cotton had only lately come to England on furlough. He knew that Ray had married the lady

who jilted his cousin, but he had been to the house, thought her charming, and excused him. Like many others, he had no ethical quixotism, as he called it, about him. The marriage was a *fait accompli* before his arrival, and the gossip concerning it had already died away. Besides, men in general have great toleration for such social transgressions, at least when the smarting from them does not come home. It was a good trait in Ray that, where so many excuses could be fairly urged, he was not reconciled to himself. Major Cotton had no sooner left him than he resumed his self-examination.

Had he been entirely wrong? Was there no real weight in his favourite argument, that if he had not married Clarice, she would have been equally lost to Piers, as she was determined to break off the engagement? Had the vigour of his reason been relaxed by passion? and had he weakly succumbed to its temptation? Between honour and dishonour ran a deep abyss—had he crossed it?

The hot blood careered wildly through his veins. No! a hundred times, no! His conscience passionately rejected the charge; and yet, from the whirl and eagerness of his thoughts, arose certain distinct regrets. "Could I live the time over again, I would not embitter my life by any such reproach. I would flee the coveted prize; I would not have been disloyal to Piers." A loud sharp clap of thunder immediately over head cut short his reflections, and startled both the horse and his rider. So deeply had Ray been meditating, that he had not observed the coming storm.

Clarice, having perceived the threatening aspect of the sky, had immediately given the order to return home, and was comfortably established in her dressing-room before the rain fell. It came fast when it did fall, with a relentless patter that cleared the streets like a discharge of artillery. She and Ray were to dine out that evening. Having given directions about her toilette, Clarice took a book and rested on the sofa, telling her maid not to disturb her until it was time to dress. Thunder she did not mind; besides, the worst of the storm was over. A third peal, louder than the others, bursting over her head did, however, discompose her. Putting down her book, she walked to the window, and stood there interested in watching the large hailstones descend and strike against the glass. "I should not be surprised if Ray never saw the storm coming on, and has been caught in it," she said to herself. "Each time I passed him he was in a brown study, and did not see me. Of course he was thinking of his cousin, or of Mrs. Ashworth. He makes himself ridiculous about them. I wish he had not discovered his aunt's residence. Those visits to Kensington will make him duller than ever. And wanting me to be as foolish as himself, and run there directly I was asked"—Clarice laughed with amusement and disdain—"to go to-morrow. No, Mr. Ray, I have a little more regard for my dignity than you seem to have. I am not going to cry *peccavi*, as you do, and in so doing place your wife in a false position. It is fortunate for me that I can take care of myself. Why did you marry me if you were ashamed of it?"

Clarice thought no more of the fascination she had employed in order to bring the marriage about, and resented her husband's low spirits as a reflection upon herself. The choice was his; he ought at least to be too manly to let her see that he regretted it. With

that agreeable fiction to fall back upon, she frequently punished Ray by reflections upon those who were too weak to pay the cost even after they had counted it. His abstracted manner to-day, added to his proposition to make her a party in the humiliating position he assumed, vexed her.

As she stood now before the window, she was making a resolve to delay her visit to Mrs. Ashworth, and determined that when it was paid she would appear before her as her nephew's wife, and not as an offender. Her proud head lifted itself a little higher than usual, and her mouth now took a curve decidedly defiant. In life there are sometimes frightful contrasts, and one was before her at the present moment, when her maid, pale and trembling, entered the room without knocking, and after advancing a few steps, clasped her hands together, begging her mistress not to be frightened.

"Don't be foolish, Curtis; thunder never frightens me," said Clarice, haughtily.

"No, ma'am, I know that. I did not mean that it did; but—but—something has happened—don't be frightened."

"Pray do not be so absurd; you quiver and quaver so that it is impossible to understand you. Speak intelligibly."

"Something has happened," began Curtis again, going back to the phrase she had prepared. "Mr. Ashworth has met with an accident; he has had a fall. They say he is not much hurt. There are two gentlemen below waiting to see you. Shall I help you downstairs?"

Putting aside the arm offered by Curtis, whose trembling by no means promised the help she spoke of, Clarice bade her tell all she knew.

"I know nothing more, ma'am. Both the gentlemen are strangers. One of them is, I think, a doctor. He asked me whether you would be able to go to him, or if he should come to see you. I thought you would like best to go to him. Mr. Ashworth, he says, will soon be at home."

Clarice heard her to the end, with her large eyes fixed upon her face, and then without a word, without weakening herself with idle or distressing conjectures, she descended to the drawing-room. There she found Major Cotton, whom she only slightly knew, and a stranger. The latter was the chief speaker. Introducing himself as Mr. Foster, a doctor, who chanced to be on the spot when the accident happened, he gently informed her that her husband had been thrown from his horse, and slightly hurt.

"He was so much more anxious about you than himself, that I was obliged to come on first and prepare you," continued the gentleman. "We were able at once to put him into a friend's carriage, and convey him to a chemist's close by, where he received immediate attention. They will bring him home directly. Do not be alarmed, madam, I can assure you there are no bones broken."

"And what am I to do?" she asked, with the little frown on her forehead by which she sometimes testified displeasure.

"Nothing. Keep perfectly quiet. Mr. Ashworth thought that of more importance than his accident."

She was about to question further when Major Cotton came forward, requesting to be made useful. She had only time to return a few commonplace words of thanks, when a bustle was heard in the hall, and Mr. Foster moved quickly towards the door.

"Pardon me, madam," said he, about to close it in her face, after signing to Major Cotton to pass. "I have strict injunctions from your husband to take especial care of you. This gentleman and I will go and receive him; I hear the carriage. When Mr. Ashworth is comfortable and somewhat rested, you shall see him. Until then it is better for you both not to meet."

The imperious spirit addressed instinctively resisted dictation without considering its medical character. Raising her head, she haughtily observed, "I believe, sir, I am in my own house."

"And are bound to guard with every possible care all the human life within it. In that light I understood your husband's extreme solicitude about you," replied Mr. Foster, good-humouredly, adding, with an encouraging nod, "You shall not be kept long away. As soon as we have taken Mr. Ashworth to his room, and ascertained that he does not faint after the exertion, or with the movement of the carriage, we will send for you."

Clarice was obliged to yield. She saw the prudence of the doctor's orders and the necessity of obeying them, but waiting was irksome to her. It soon occurred to her that the engagement for the evening must be put off, and also the dinner for the following day. Sitting down quietly she wrote the requisite notes, and had just finished them when Curtis came to call her. She mounted the stairs congratulating herself upon the strength of mind which gave her self-possession in circumstances which might throw weaker characters into dangerous agitation.

### THE DEAF AND DUMB SCHOLARS OF RIEHEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MORAVIAN LIFE IN THE BLACK FOREST."

CROSSING the wide bridge over the broad, swift-flowing Rhine, on whose banks the buildings of the old historical town of Basle are piled picturesquely, one enters presently upon a dusty high road bordered with hedges, which, as a wooden signpost informs you, leads to the village of Riehen. Here flourishes an important and useful asylum, of which probably not one in ten thousand Englishmen who travel within an hour's walk of it have ever heard, a school for the deaf and dumb. With a friend I arranged to be there with the first ringing of the school-bell on the Monday morning; for the school-bell is rung, even for those who cannot hear it. One or another of the children is sure to see the tongue in motion, and the first that does so gives the signal to the rest.

A bright-faced, intelligent little set we find assembled, boys and girls collected together on their different sides of the play-ground, books and slates in hand, waiting for the notice. One misses the buzz of sound, the chatter and motion that are ever-existent where school-children are; otherwise one would not be aware of any difference. Poor little creatures! their faces were not always so awakened. The signs of intellect and vivacity have been developed in them since they came to this happy home, to the care of the kind, venerable, and intellectual "house-father," who, with his pleasant wife, superintends it. Till they came here these little ones had had no mental culture at all—not so much as an infant of a year old may have received. They have imbibed not

a single idea; their attention has never been attracted to things around them, and they do not yet know that "a spade is a spade"—to them "a yellow primrose is" not even "a yellow primrose." Do we not hold up an infant of a few months old to a window or a picture, and tell it about "pretty flowers," or the cow that says "moo," or the sheep that "baas," and so give it even at that tender age a connection of ideas? Do we not presently go a step further, and inculcate moral knowledge, while we check the tiny efforts at asserting its will with a "No—baby must not have it—Mamma says No. Baby must be obedient!" till it learns to know that obedience is doing what it is told, and that doing what it is told is a necessity. But here you have children who have never heard what right or wrong is—children who, for their very defect's sake, have hardly been made even practically to feel the difference, because their parents have either not had the time, or the patience, the power, or, as they might say, the "heart" to teach them.

As it has been with the great moral lessons, so it has been with all others. The children have been allowed to grow up cared for and treated as uncomprehending infants, and now every idea is new to them.

Say to them the words, by whatever means you may have adopted of communicating with them, "The apple is round." Then teach them, as, wonderful to tell, they are taught, to pronounce them after you. Do you suppose they convey any idea to them? No! They repeat them as a parrot might, and say them over and over because they like a new phrase. But what does the phrase mean? They shake their heads. You must fetch an apple from the garden, and show it, and repeat the word, or point to it on the black-board. Then they say "Ah-h-h!" loudly and gutturally, and you make them say "Apple." Then you stroke the apple's circumference, and point to the word "round," and again they say "Ah-h-h!" They have comprehended, and are pleased. This adjective, too, they have at once to learn to repeat, much trouble being taken with the rolling of the *r-r-r*. The particles *is* and *the* are left out at first, while they repeat over and over the new idea, "apple round—apple round." The article and the verb are more difficult to explain. They are told that "the" renders the sentence more complete: "is" becomes clear with their knowledge of grammar. But let us follow the troop into the class-rooms.

The day begins with a Bible lesson given to the first class by the kind old inspector himself. He is a Lutheran clergyman from Cologne. His dress is in all points clerical, his figure is tall and striking, his bald head is covered with a little black velvet skull-cap, a white beard flows upon his breast, his countenance beams with benevolence, and quick, bright perceptions; there is an irresistible attraction in his whole manner which doubtless the children feel as we do. He greets us, makes us welcome, and places for us chairs in a good position, whence we can see himself and all the eager faces that surround him.

The class is arranged in a circle, desks and stools forming a close ring, of which he is the key. These children have all been some time in the institution, and can all understand what is said to them, reading from the lips of the speaker. This is the German system. Neither signs nor finger-talking (dactylology, as it is technically called) are allowed. They



all can speak, too, clearly enough to be understood even by a stranger, but it is with effort, and there is, of course, no inflexion of tone or expression, as they are not conscious of the sound of their own voice.

The lesson on the morning in question was upon the ninth commandment, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour." The teacher gave it out, the children turned to it in their Bibles, and read it aloud. It was then written upon the black board. But now, before the moral application can be made, the words must be explained, and the idea that they embody must be conveyed to the children's minds. False witness is a new expression, and therefore to them a meaningless one. The venerable teacher now began one of the vivacious graphic lessons for which he is so deservedly famed, and which held the attention of the children spellbound, as it were.

"What is false witness?"

All shake their heads.

"False witness," says the teacher, enunciating his words very slowly and distinctly, "is saying anything that is untrue concerning your neighbour, or his doings and dealings. Marie," and he points full at a little, rosy-cheeked, laughing-eyed girl, "comes to me and says, 'Fritz has stolen apples in the orchard,' while it is Hans who has done it. What has Marie done?"

All eyes are fixed upon Marie and Hans. Marie smiles quite unabashed, but little pale-haired Hans, who rather reminds me of Dickens' thin-legged boy staggering beneath the weight of his baby Moloch, looks keenly and sharply as a little ferret from under a heavy wave of hair that falls over his brow, eagerly expecting the reply. For a moment all are silent, then a white-faced, delicate-looking little girl, with a narrow chest that does not seem to contain breath enough for speech, says, with much effort and gasping, but very distinctly, "Marie has borne false witness against Fritz."

"Marie has borne false witness against Fritz," repeats the teacher. "Can you tell me in other words what Marie has done to Fritz?"

"Marie has spoken untrue," says a voice.

The teacher shakes his head with a little, unsatisfied screw up of the lips and nostrils. "Is that a good sentence?" he asks.

"Marie has spoken untruly," correct two or three at once.

"Spoken untruly," he repeats. "Right. But what has Marie done to Fritz? She has slandered Fritz. Repeat."

And all the class, watching the teacher's mouth, says, "She has slandered Fritz." This is then written on the black-board and in their copy-books, and again repeated.

"Slandering is spoiling your neighbour's good name," explains the teacher; "taking away from his good character." And with a piece of chalk he swiftly outlines two hearts on the board. *Good* and *bad* are inscribed over them. "Hans, say something good of your neighbour."

"He is courageous," says Hans, who speaks better and more easily than any of the class.

"He is courageous. Fritz, say something else good of your neighbour."

It will be observed that every sentence is repeated by master and pupils *in toto*, that thus, with the new idea, the new expressions may be assimilated by

them, and that, at the same time, they may at once practise both reading them from the lips of the speaker and giving utterance to them themselves. The words are also at once copied by the children from the board on to their slates, or into their copy-books, and very neatly and beautifully do these children write. It will thus be seen that one idea, with its attendant new thoughts and expressions, and words to be learnt, exemplified, read, and written, may occupy a full lesson. But then they have taken it in; it is so much property acquired, to be stored up by them at compound interest. Language comes to us, we know not how, and with it ideas are imbibed, we scarcely heed how. But with these children, shut out as they have been by their infirmity from all interchange of thought, or its expression, hitherto, it is different. Each new idea, and each new word to express it, must be given them clearly, without slur or possibility of mistake, direct from their teacher's mouth.

But to go on with the lesson, the cleverness of which we can give no adequate notion of on paper. The children's powers were successively brought into play, as each was called upon in turn to name some attribute of good, which was immediately inscribed upon the virtuous heart. One suggested kind, another generous, another gentle, another truthful, another industrious, and so on, a long list. Then they were bidden to show what would happen were they, instead of good things, to speak slander of their neighbour.

"He is idle," said a big boy, who had some defect in his palate, and could not get his words out well.

"He is idle," said the master, as he wrote the words in the bad heart, and crossed out *industrious* from the good one.

"He is rude," said a girl; and gentle was crossed out, and *rude* written over against it: and so on until the good character was quite blotted out, a sad and pitiable spectacle to behold and moralize upon. The word hypocritical was next brought into the lesson, and very vividly exemplified. The children themselves being made the actors in the supposititious scenes, their attention was fixed, and their interest kept alive and awake in the most striking manner.

Such a lesson draws upon all the powers of both teacher and pupils, and is, in fact, very exhausting, we were told, to the system; so much so that these children require more food, and that of a more supporting character, than other schoolboys and girls, who have all their natural organs to aid them in the acquirement of knowledge.

The class over, all trooped out, the boys to their quarters on one side of the playground, the girls to the dining-room on the other, to have a "second breakfast"—a lunch of bread and fruit, or wine, or *bouillon*, as their strength seemed to need it.

The mere effort of speaking is in itself very great until by use the lungs and chest become strengthened. By previous disuse the lungs are so contracted that for some time after the children first come to the school their chief exercise consists in inflating a bladder, merely to bring the organs into play, before there is any attempt at speech.

The next step is to teach them to articulate certain consonants, or conjunctions of consonants—*sch* (or, as we should have it, *sh*), *ff*, and *h*, which in German is pronounced *hah*.

We will now return to the schoolhouse, and enter

a class where this first elementary instruction is being carried on. In the centre of the ring of desks is a small circular table, on which stands a woolly sheep, and the teacher—a governess this time—begins by writing on the black-board the word *schaf* (sheep), which she then pronounces softly, but very distinctly. The children make many attempts, with greater or less success, to bring out some similar utterance. The new comers make nothing but an uncouth, incoherent sound. Then she writes *sch*, and says a prolonged *h-hish*, making one or the other feel her chin as she does so, feeling theirs again in her turn, till they have all comprehended what is required, and all the class says, “*h-hish*.” Then comes *hah*, which is easier, as it is simply a strong respiration; and lastly follows *ff*, which they quickly perceive comes by setting the teeth on the lower lip and breathing out. As they learn to pronounce the letters they write them, and it amazed me to see a little child writing for the first time a copper-plate flowing *f* or a German *h* with a freedom and ease of hand worthy of a writing-master.

Having mastered the word *schaf*, the first they are taught, they are charmed to discover that when they speak it they are naming the toy creature on the table. It is passed round, and closely scrutinised and examined, and it now becomes the subject of an object-lesson. The governess (such a sweet-mannered, gentle-voiced young woman, as famed in her way for the tact and cleverness of her lessons as the good old inspector is for his) asks, “Has the sheep eyes?” writing the question at the same time on the board, and indicating her own eyes. Of course the newest comers do not all follow, but some reply with a sound that means assent.

She then continues, always speaking slowly, “Has the sheep teeth?” and careful search is made for indications of teeth in the toy, and so on. Big and little children in this lowest dumb class must be taught as our infants of two or three years old are taught; and having once mastered this keystone of language, the word *schaf*, it is used by them in the first weeks of their routine on all occasions. If the teacher but looks at them, they say with much effort, “*Sheep!*” and if you offer a hand, and say, “*Good morning,*” with great satisfaction they utter “*Sheep.*” A baby just learning to talk does exactly the same. It matters not what new word it has caught up, it comes out at all times, irrespective of meaning, even though it may attach one to it, merely for the pleasure of feeling its new power. The letter *r* is the one last taught, and with most difficulty learnt. When it is at length acquired, it is rolled with much emphasis, so as to render it unpleasantly prominent; and I even suggested to the inspector, who seemed to take much kind interest in replying to all my questions, whether it might not be better altogether left out, were the alternative a necessity.

He seemed struck, and said that an inspector of schools, who had been there the previous day, had made precisely the same remark. He did not think that it would be well not to teach the articulation of the *r* at all, but he at once called the attention of his staff to this second objection to its prominence in the children’s pronunciation.

“Here,” he said, introducing the youthful master of a new class, where a reading-lesson was going on, “Here we have a young friend who has only just managed to learn to roll the *r* himself, and in his

pride he of course carries it to excess with his pupils;” and he smiled, as he touched a boy on the shoulder, and bade him say *r*.

It was rolled forth at terrific length, whereupon he clapped his two fingers beneath the lad’s chin, and, with a quick little jerk forced back the reverberation, as it were, making him shorten it at each repetition, and so he went round the class. The young master thought it of course a hundred pities for the roll which he had himself acquired with great pains, and therefore considered beautiful.

Some of the children read aloud very well, so that we could quite understand them, others did it with labour and discordant intonation.

Is it not wonderful that grammar, history, geography, even a little political economy, cyphering, etc., can be imparted to these pupils within the term of a few short years, when the process must be so patiently and slowly performed, step by step, as it were, as I have shown in a former page? Yet it is done, and those who devote themselves to the work of teaching the deaf and dumb become apparently almost enthusiastic for their occupation, so absorbed in the interest of it do they grow.

The saddest sight in the school to me was that of a little girl who was deaf, but not dumb. She was being taught apart, by a separate teacher, and instead of the eager expression that the rest wore, she looked bored and embarrassed, as she tried to read from her teacher’s lips words which she could remember hearing only a few short months ago, without effort or trouble, almost without heeding. Poor little thing! She had had some terrible fever which had left her with her hearing gone, and as she was but young there was cause for fear that she might lose her speech too, unless she could be accustomed to continue her intercourse with others by reading on their lips what they spoke, and answering aloud.

She evidently did not like to be watched, and as we turned aside the bell rang, the teachers broke up their classes, and morning-school was over.

It may be well to add, that although those children, whose relatives are in good circumstances, pay for their schooling, etc., there are others who cannot afford to do so, or who can afford but a small proportion of the necessary sum. Voluntary contributions are therefore very acceptable, and, we may add, well bestowed in aiding to supply the deficiencies.

## ORIGINAL FABLES.

### WHO HAS THE BEST OF IT?

“HOW I pity you, plain little thing!” said the peacock-butterfly to the brimstone as it fluttered by him.

“Pity me? what, because I’ve no fine clothes? Good now,” answered the brimstone, “I am far better off than you are; we can’t see our own clothes, but those of our neighbours’, so I have all the pleasure of enjoying your beauty while you are condemned to endure my homeliness.”

### OPPORTUNITIES.

“I can see the sun rise and set! I can see hill and dale for miles and miles round! You see nothing but trees and brushwood,” said a young fir-tree on the hill-top to an old cedar in the valley.

“Good,” said the cedar; “you come down here



and let me go up there, and then we'll talk about who sees most."

THE RELENTLESS SENTINEL.

"Oh, cruel, cruel! how can you keep a mother from her young?" whined Crummie from the cow-house door to Trusty, who had stretched himself before it.

"Boo-ooo-oooo," bellowed the calves, "we'll raise the whole stock against you, with the old bull at their head, if you don't let us in."

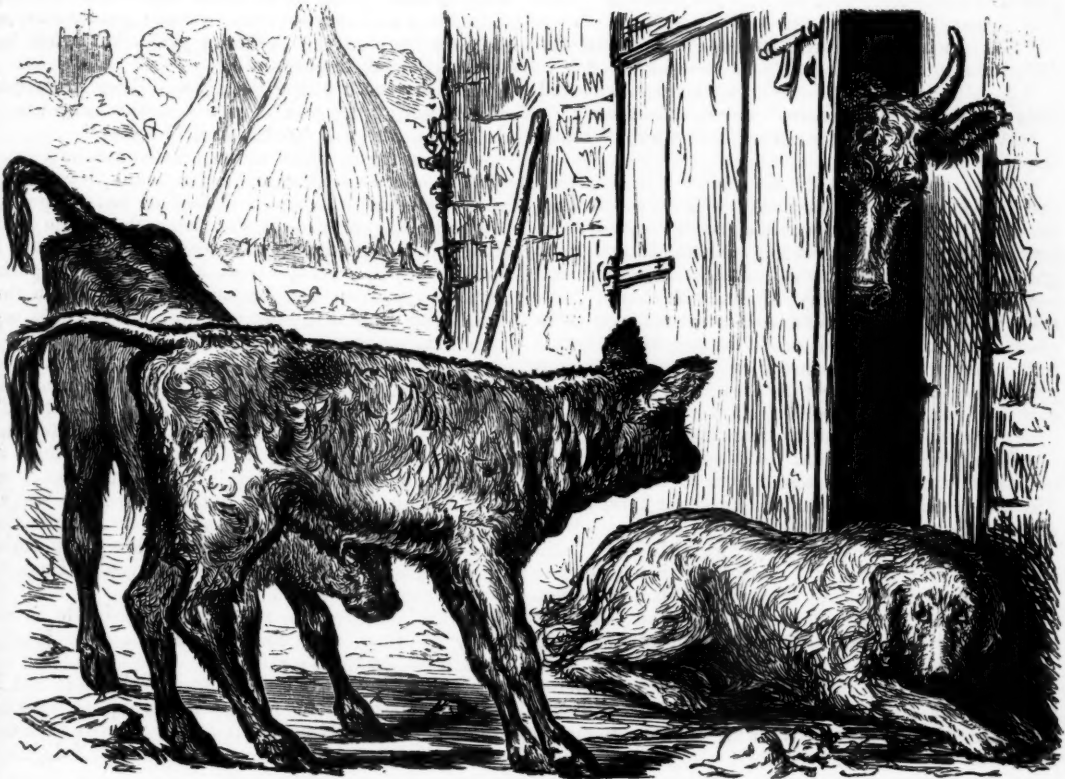
"Your mother is old enough to know better, and I am ashamed of her," said Trusty; "as for you,

get rid of my pack from morning till night; it is light, I know, but you can't think what a weariness long bearing makes it to me!"

"A GREAT DEAL IN IMAGINATION."

"Isn't it dull work to keep always in one place? do you like it?" asked the sheep, stopping to look at a goat tethered on the mountain side.

"No, friends," answered the goat, "I can't say that I do; but I am tied here and can get no farther, so the only way is to make the best of it. When I have cleared this patch I know I shall be moved to other pasture, for my milk's sake. I am sure of



THE RELENTLESS SENTINEL.

silly young things, you are to be pitied for your ignorance. I don't know why master put me here, but no doubt he had a good reason for it; whether or not, it's my duty to stay until he orders me off, and I'll stick to my post. I am not the first honest servant, and I shan't be the last, that gets hard words for doing his duty; but abuse from the uncomfortable is not to be wondered at, and from the ignorant it is to be despised." The weight of a stone depends on who throws it.

LIGHT BURDENS LONG BORNE GROW HEAVY.

"What a fuss you make, Ted," said the collier's horse to a donkey with a pedlar's pack. "Just look at the loads we have to carry from the pit to the carts every day; your pack is a feather compared to our coal sacks."

"That's true," said Ted, "but you carry your sacks only a little way, and then shoot them off and have a rest before you take the next. Now I never

enough, and if I roved about as you do I could but get enough. My plan is to forget that I am tethered, and fancy I am here by choice—there's a great deal in imagination!"

THE ART OF PUTTING THINGS.

"What a capital fellow Brag is for a watch," said Dull to Holdfast; "he tells me that the wolf is never seen where he is."

"Ah!" said Holdfast, "I should say that Brag is never seen where the wolf is. A great deal depends on how you put a thing."

POSITIVE BEFORE NEGATIVE.

"I didn't see him do it," said the blind mare, peering over the gate.

"And I didn't see him," said Drover, standing in the yard.

"And we didn't see him," said all the rooks in the old trees.

"Nor we," chirped the sparrows on the barn thatch.

"Then he must be innocent, and they ought not to beat him," said Lion, looking out of his kennel.

"Let us go in a body and give evidence for him."

"Poor fellow!" said Mag, from her wicker cage, "it's a pity he's in for it, but *in for it he is*: though none of you saw him, the *master did*, and what are twenty that *didn't* to one that *did*?"

#### LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

"You are well off; what work you are able to do with all the water before and behind you!" said the willows to the mill.

"Alas!" answered the mill, "I have only so much of the stream as is coming to me; that which is past will never return—I have lost it for ever."

#### THE RIVER PART AND GOD FORGOTTEN.

"So you are in," cried the May Moon to the Britannia, as she sailed safely into the harbour.

"Yes, I am in; but I have had hard work, and sharp work too, to get here," was the answer.

"What, weather, or sandbanks, or what?" asked the May Moon.

"Everything bad," said the other; "sunk rocks, and sands, and storms, and heavy seas. If it had not been for my trustworthy build, and my agility, and my fine figure, and my perfect rigging, I must have gone down; but, thanks to these, I weathered it all."

"Ah!" said the May Moon, "I should have said, 'Thanks to my pilot!' I doubt not you were glad enough to see him when danger was at hand; but when we have been brought safely through peril, we are all too apt to lose sight of the true source of our deliverance."

#### "SHOULD AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOTTEN?"

"Your servant, madam," said a hedge sparrow to a cuckoo; "could you help me to a little storage? The weather has not been favourable of late, and I am very hungry."

"You have the advantage of me, little bird," said the cuckoo, haughtily; "I don't know you at all."

"Don't you?" said the sparrow; "you did once, when your mother put you as an egg into our nest, and my mother saw you safely through hatching and fledging, and fed you, often at our expense, till you were able to fly; but I might have remembered that it is the way of the world to disown the old friendships when there is nothing more to be gained by them."

#### NO BEAUTY IN A RIVAL.

"Have you seen this wonder?" asked Poppy, the poodle, rushing into the court in great agitation.

"Wonder!—who?—what?" asked Nero, the Newfoundland, waking up.

"Why, my lady's new favourite, Bustle," said Poppy.

"Oh!" said Nero, lying down again.

"A sporting dog?" asked Roe, the pointer.

"No, no! a pet, a plaything, and such a fright!" answered Poppy, spitefully.

"Fright! What is he like?" asked several gathering round her.

"A great head, little body, short legs, broad paws, a black nose, and long hair all in a friz," replied Poppy, with an air of disgust.

"Then he's a skye," said Roonah, the blenheim; "and though I prefer my own kind, I know skyes are greatly admired."

"I see no harm in a black muzzle," said Toby, the pug, squinting down approvingly at his own; and all the company, one after another, had a word to say in vindication of the charge against Bustle:

but Poppy grew more angry at each apology, and at last flew off in high disgust. They declared, when she was gone, that, having always considered her to have good taste, they were much surprised at her judgment in this matter, as, from her own showing, the favourite must be a genuine skye, and therefore unquestionably handsome.

"Don't puzzle your heads," said Nero, looking up again; "remember that this new comer has put Poppy's nose out of joint, and who ever saw any beauty in a rival?"

#### THE REASON WHY.

"Why does father scrape so?" said a chicken to his brothers. "Do look, he is close to the barley, and there is a measure of corn just by; yet he scrapes and scrapes as if he hadn't a grain but what he scratched out of the ground."

"It's his nature, my dear," said Mag, from her wicker cage; "he was born a scratcher, and whatever he has, he will scratch on till he dies."

#### FIT THE WORK TO THE LABOURER.

"If you are wise," said the old trunk, "you will let me alone in this corner. Standing here in peace, I will hold your clothes, and keep them safe from dust and loss; but carry me over the country and I shall go to pieces on the road, and drop your goods by the way. You had better be satisfied with the little I can do well than injure me and yourself too by putting on me work to which I am not equal."

#### HUMILITY A TEST OF TRUE SERVICE.

"I notice," said the stream to the mill, "that you grind beans as well as cheerfully as fine wheat."

"Certainly," clacked the mill; "what am I for but to grind? and, as long as I work, what does it signify to me what the work is? My business is to serve my master, and I am not a whit more useful when I turn out fine flour than when I make the coarsest meal. My honour is not in doing fine work, but in performing any that comes as well as I can."

#### A DIFFERENCE IN TONGUES.

"What's the matter?" cried a bluebottle to an angry fly-wasp, that flew furiously about, hardly knowing what to attack first.

"Matter!" retorted the wasp; "why is it that I cannot be seen or heard on a window-pane without the whole room rising to kill me, or at least turn me out; while you, who make twice the noise I do, may fly about and buzz with impunity?"

"Why is it?" replied the bluebottle, "I'll tell you: when people hear your voice they tremble for your sting, but they are indifferent to my buzzing, because they know the worst I do is to tease and tickle; I don't sting."

#### THE DANGER OF BOASTING.

"How comfortable you look," said an old fox to a young one, who was sitting at his ease in the mouth of his hole.

"I am *very* comfortable," replied the young fox; "this is the best burrow in the lordship, and I got it in the pleasantest manner possible." Here he grinned, showing his sharp, white teeth, and looking so self-complacent, that the old fox inquired his meaning, to which he answered triumphantly: "I bamboozled a silly old badger out of it; he was boasting what a perfect concern he had made, and set me longing for it. I told him it was all very well outside, but I did not believe the inside was as commodious as he said. 'Come in and see for yourself,' cried he. Then I said, 'You must come out, for I am sure it won't hold us both.' He was so anxious

to convince me, that out he came and in I went. 'Well,' he cried, 'what's your opinion?' 'It is even better than you described it,' I answered; 'so good that, in compliment to your judgment, I mean to keep it; good morning; fine talents like yours ought not to lie idle; go and make another!' Poor fellow, I was sorry for him, but it will teach him not to boast."

The old fox applauded the sagacity of his young friend, but added that he did not think it was worth losing a character to get such a hole as that.

"A hole! such a hole! Why it's a complete fine burrow, with a bed of grass at the bottom, delightful to think of," cried the young fox, rising in great excitement.

"Pooh, pooh!" said the other, "tell that to young foxes. I'm not to be 'bamboozled' like the old badger;" adding, as he turned away, "I'm sure your tail is well pinched in such narrow quarters."

Provoked at his contempt, the young fox ran out after him, on which he doubled and got into the burrow before he could stop him. Half uneasy, the young fox asked him if he did not feel satisfied now.

"Oh, quite," grieved the old one; "so well that I must trouble you to go and look after another boasting badger. I admire your quickness in outwitting the last, and am not surprised that even a young fox was too much for him. I assure you it would not have struck me how to get a house on such easy terms if you had not told me your manoeuvre, old as I am. The next chance you get I recommend you to keep your own counsel; good morning."

## ADVENTURES OF AN AERONAUT.

BY RUFUS G. WELLS.

IV.

IT is the general opinion of aeronauts that if a balloon should burst in the air, it would invariably form a parachute, and bring the voyagers safely to the earth, as has often been the case. If the mouth of my balloon had not been attached by a cord to the hoop, there is no doubt but that it would have formed an excellent parachute, but its separating as it did, in the centre, allowed the upper part to fold up into a small body in the top of the net, while the lower part folded together so as to form but a slight resistance to the atmosphere, as I have already stated. I would as willingly, on a quiet day, burst my balloon at an immense height, when I was prepared to do it, and run the risk of a safe descent with it, as I would risk a descent with a parachute in the form and manner that I have used on several occasions. There is but very little risk in either case when the weather is suitable for the experiment.

One reason why I neglected to look up at my aerostat was, that balloon ascents are usually made in the afternoon, when the heat of the sun is continually becoming less, so that when a balloon has arrived at a point where it remains on a level plain, as it were, it will ascend no farther unless we throw out ballast, but begins gradually to lose its power by condensation or loss of gas, and slowly descends.

There are times, however, if ascents are made on cloudy days, when, after a balloon reaches its level and

remains without ascending or descending for some time, if it then be exposed to the rays of the sun by the clouds opening, the warmth will soon penetrate it, which rarifies the gas, and gives more ascensional force to the balloon. An Italian lady made an ascent at Padua, with a balloon made only of paper, having a net over it, and inflated with rarified air. After making a successful voyage, she descended without an accident, as we learn in the history of aerostation. I would advise those who may wish to use paper balloons as a novelty, instead of silk or other material, not to try the experiment unless they have a parachute ready, in case the aerostat should burst. At the moment the gas or heated air passes out, the force of the air may compress or double the light material together at the top, or the interior portion of the net, instead of filling it with air and forming a good substitute for a parachute, as many may imagine would be the result. An ascent with a well-made paper balloon, with a parachute attached, on a fine day, I do not think would be a dangerous feat to perform.

I once had a Montgolfier balloon burst open when more than five thousand feet in height, and fall in two large pieces down by the side of the parachute; while one part of my parachute was nearly half closed by the rope which connected the mouth of the balloon with the top of the parachute. When the accident occurred, my parachute was closed up, and all the cords attached to the small basket in which I was standing had twisted together during the ascent, so that as soon as the balloon collapsed the fall was tremendously rapid for a thousand feet or more, until the force of the air opened the parachute and unwound the twisted cords, which set me whirling around for some time like a top. I endeavoured to cut the rope which held the two machines together, but I could not reach it until I had fallen about one-third of the distance to the earth, when happily I caught it and immediately severed it. In a moment the parachute opened entirely, and continued its course, slowly and beautifully sailing, until it came upon *terra firma*, while the torn balloon, which weighed nearly four hundred pounds, descended with great swiftness to the earth, some time before I reached it. If I had become frightened, and lost presence of mind, or my knife, I should no doubt likewise have lost my life. If the accident had happened without my parachute, nothing could have saved me unless Divine Providence had interposed in some marvellous manner.

When I first began to make ascents with Montgolfier balloons, I thought, like many other aeronauts, that if the balloon did not burst before leaving the earth—believing there was more strain upon it then than there would be afterwards—that there would be no danger of its collapsing while in the air, in case the mouth was large so that the heated air could pass out through it if it expanded too much in a rapid ascent. For this reason I thought a net to be unnecessary, which would add considerably to its weight. After my balloon had collapsed twice in the air without a net, when fortunately I was provided with my parachute, which no doubt saved my life, I concluded that it was better and far safer either to use a good net over the balloon, or to have strong bands sewed several times around it, taking the place of the net.

Professor Lamontain made an ascent with a hot-air balloon on the 4th of July, during a grand celebration in one of the Western States less than two



years ago; but not having his aerostat in proper order he lost his life in a shocking manner, by falling from a great height.

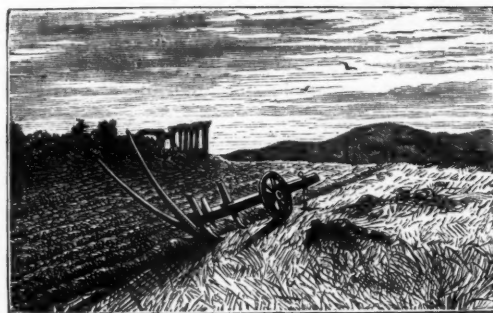
Aeronauts are sometimes so affected by the sublime beauty of the indescribable scenes around them, that they become, as it were, partially mesmerised or thrown into a trance, and float unconsciously onward, neglecting their aerial steed, until a terrific catastrophe happens, and they are awakened, it may be, from their sweet slumber in eternity.

Mr. Lamountain had the honour of making the longest balloon voyage ever made. Accompanied by Professor Wise, Gager, and Hyde, he ascended with a large silk balloon called the Atlantic, from Saint Louis, in the State of Missouri, on the 1st of July, 1859, about six o'clock p.m.; and after having a highly interesting voyage over Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Lake Erie, the River Niagara, having a glorious view of the great Falls, western New York, Lake Ontario (into which they once descended, but having cut away their boat which hung beneath the car, rose again), they finally came down in a very spacious wood in northern New York, about two o'clock p.m., having performed the journey of nearly twelve hundred miles in about twenty hours. That long voyage was made to test the direction of the upper currents. These aeronauts had an idea of trying at some future time to cross the Atlantic, by floating over in the westerly currents, which they believed would bring them in less than three days to Europe.

Three American aeronauts, my personal friends, met with most terrible accidents, by which they lost their lives. Mr. Winchester ascended from a small town near Lake Erie, passed over the lake, and never was heard from again. He had made only one short ascent previously, and was so elated, that he said on his second ascent that he intended to make a longer voyage than any one had ever made through the air. As he has never returned to give us an account of his trip, we may presume that he has kept his word. Mr. Ira C. Thurston, after making more than forty successful excursions through the air, fell from an immense height into a large forest, where his body was not found until several months had elapsed. He had made a very pleasant balloon voyage from Adrian, in the State of Michigan, accompanied by a friend, and landed near Toledo, in Ohio. He took off the car and the net from his half-filled balloon; then turning it completely over, with the mouth up and the valve below, he coolly took his seat on the valve, and squeezing the balloon into folds tightly between his arms and legs, bade his friend a merry good-bye. He thought, no doubt, that the balloon would not rise very high, that it would soon lose its ascensional power and return with him safely to the earth, and that he would have the satisfaction of reading in all the journals a description of his unheard-of and audacious feat. He had committed a fearful mistake. The balloon being now freed from the weight of his friend, car, ballast, anchor, ropes, and net, ascended so rapidly that the gas had not time to pass out of its small mouth and check its flight; but expanding more and more, filled up the body of the aerostat, until the poor aeronaut had no power to hold on any longer, and in despair let go; instantly he was hurled below, a distance, perhaps, of three miles. The balloon was found the same day in Canada, with the valve about half torn off. Mr. Wilbur also met with a fate equally as tragic, in one

of the Western States a short time since. He intended to make an ascent, accompanied by an editor of an American journal. His friend had taken his seat in the car before the aeronaut was quite ready, the men who were assisting by holding the ropes suddenly let go, when the aeronaut caught hold of a rope and was carried up, thinking that he would be able to climb into the car. The editor, becoming frightened, jumped out when a few feet from the ground, leaving the balloon to mount alone with the dangling aeronaut, at a terrible rate, until it reached the height of at least a mile. The aeronaut, not being able to get into the car, became exhausted, lost his grasp, and was precipitated to the earth in sight of his distracted wife, children, and thousands of spectators, who had assembled to witness the ascent. If his companion had been gifted with presence of mind, he would have remained, pulled the valve string to check the ascent, and assisted the aeronaut into the car, thus preventing one of the most tragic events in the history of ballooning.

### THE PLOUGH, ANCIENT AND MODERN.



GREATER improvements have been made in the plough within the memory of the present generation than at any previous period in the history of the world. The common necessities of every nation have given in all times a common character to their agricultural implements. Everybody is familiar with the rude form of the early plough, yet we recall a few of the facts of its history.

The Egyptians are the first of whose implements we have any record, and some writers have come to the conclusion that they used their ploughs, which were of the pick kind, in war as well as in the fields, and that it was a weapon of this sort with which the Israelites fought against the Philistines (1 Samuel xiii. 19, 23). Hesiod describes the plough of the Greeks as consisting of three parts,—the share-beam, the draught-pole, and the plough-tail. The share-beam was made of oak, and the other parts of elm or bay. The Rev. A. Dickson, in his work on the Husbandry of the Ancients, published in 1788, remarked that "the ancients had several kinds of ploughs—ploughs with mould-boards, and without mould-boards, with and without coulters, with and without wheels, and with broad and narrow shares." Rosier, a writer of the early part of the present century, describes the Roman plough as being similar to the

implement which in his time was in use in the south of France. This was of a very rude description. In Roman agriculture the horse was scarcely ever used, the work being performed by oxen. The ass and the mule were also sometimes used for ploughing as well as for other purposes. The Romans were evidently very particular as to ploughmen, for Columella, one of the Roman authors on agriculture, says that in the ploughman a degree of genius is necessary, but that this is not enough. "There should be joined to it a harshness of voice and manner to terrify the cattle lest he should temper strength with clemency." He also says that the ploughman should be tall, "because there is no rustic work by which a tall man is less fatigued than by ploughing; because when employed in this, walking almost upright, he may lean upon the handle of the plough."

The Saxons, when they succeeded to the Romans in Britain, paid little attention to agriculture, and until the invasion of this country by the Normans very little improvement seems to have been made. At this period many strict and remarkable laws as to the cultivators of the soil were in force. One of these enacted that no man should undertake to guide a plough who could not make one, and that the driver should make the rope of twisted willows. Sketches which have been preserved of the plough as used in the time of the Saxons indicate that it was the custom to attach the plough to their animals by the tail. This barbarity was practised in Ireland until the commencement of the seventeenth century, when the legislature interfered and passed a law entitled, "An act against plowing by the Tayle, and Pulling the wool off living Sheep."

During the Middle Ages very little progress appears to have been made in the improvement of implements of agriculture. The form of the early British plough is involved in much mystery, the records which exist being so brief and inexplicit. From the earliest mss. it would appear that ploughs were fitted with wheels; it is none the less clear that the ox was for centuries the only animal used in the work of ploughing. In fact, an old British law forbade the use of any animal except the ox to draw the plough, and it was not until the sixteenth or seventeenth century that plough-horses came into anything like general use. Mr. J. Allen Ransome, in his "Implements of Agriculture," published in 1843, says: "The Dutch were amongst the first who brought the plough a little into shape, and by some means or other the improved Dutch plough found its way into the northern parts of England and Scotland."

In the year 1730 a patent was obtained for a plough, which was made by a Mr. Foljambe, at Rotherham, under the supervision of Walter Blythe, author of some works on husbandry. This was considered to be the most perfect implement then in use, and it is, we believe, still known by the name of the Rotherham plough. It was made chiefly of wood, the draught-irons, share, and coulter, with the additional plating of iron to the breast and sole or slade, being the only parts made of iron. After the lapse of ages, during which the plough was of the most clumsy description, the period of improvement seemed to have set in. Soon after the advent of the Rotherham plough others were introduced, among which may be specially mentioned one manufactured by a Mr. Small, in Berwickshire, about a hundred years ago. Other makers, such as Clymer,

Finlayson, and Wilkie, followed with ploughs of various forms and for different purposes. A double-furrow plough was also invented by Lord Somerville, which, however, was not looked upon with much favour.

We now come to the commencement of the present



century, when improvements in the plough were more frequent and important. The desirability of constructing this implement on something like mathematical principles was almost universally acknowledged; and instead of being the joint production of the village wheelwright and blacksmith—both of whom naturally desired that his own idea of

the best form should be pre-eminent, and in whose hands the making of ploughs had been hitherto almost entirely left—the manufacture of implements of agriculture was taken up by men who had the foresight to observe both that there was great and increasing trade to be done, and that many improvements might be effected. Competition soon made its appearance, and this, together with the amount of skill introduced into the manufacture in all its branches, has brought the implement to what we now find it in all its wonderful variety of forms and sizes as produced at the renowned manufactories at Bedford, Ipswich, Grantham, and elsewhere.

The various shapes this implement has been made to assume, and the almost numberless purposes to which it has been adapted, form perhaps the most remarkable feature in the history of the plough. With regard to forms of construction, in order to gain the fullest information the reader could not do better than visit one of the annual shows of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. At Bedford, in July last, some twenty-five makers exhibited an assortment of no less than 250 ploughs, varying in size and shape from a small plough, to be worked by a pony, to a steam-plough constructed to turn over six furrows at a time. It will perhaps be interesting, however, to those who have not the opportunity of attending these meetings, to give some particulars on the chief kinds of implements exhibited.

The plough is sometimes made of wood, and partly of iron; but ploughs made entirely of iron are now generally used. Then there are ploughs with one handle, and some with two, some without wheels; some with one, others with two wheels, and lately a third wheel has been introduced. Many ploughs are fitted with a skim coulter, which is in reality a plough in miniature, its use being to cut the surface grass, and to place it in such a position as to be altogether buried when the ground is turned over by the plough. Double-ploughs—i.e., ploughs with two furrows—have recently come into pretty general use; and some farmers use ploughs with three furrows, by the use of which the expenditure of both horse-power and manual labour is considerably lessened. These implements have to be very carefully constructed in every particular, for not only is it necessary that the maker should provide ploughs suited for the different kinds of soil, but the peculiar fancies of the farmer and the prejudices of the ploughman have to be borne in mind. In Kent, for instance, the practice is to turn the furrow upside down, and this of course necessitates the making of a special form of breast for the purpose. In other parts of the kingdom the farmers prefer the furrow set simply on edge, in another district it must be laid at an angle of forty-five degrees, while you will find that in some neighbourhoods the farmers can only be pleased with a plough that turns the furrow nearly over. Then, again, some prefer shallow and others deep ploughing. To suit all these varied requirements, the breasts have to be specially made. The shares also take an important part in the style of ploughing it is intended to produce, and of these there is almost an endless variety, both as to size and form, some with a wide flat bottom for the fen districts, others narrow, with long points, for stony ground, and others so modified as to suit any and every purpose for which they may be required.

Having spoken of the plough for ordinary work, preparing the soil for the sowing and planting the

seed, let us now refer to its use for other purposes; for this implement is now made to perform what, not many years ago, could only be accomplished by manual labour. One very useful purpose to which it is put is that of moulding up or forming ridges for potatoes, turnips, or other roots. For this work the plough is fitted with two breasts, one on each side of the implement. For paring grass land, previous to its being converted into arable land, the plough is also made to answer. Then it has to dig potatoes; for this purpose a set, sometimes two sets, of prongs are attached to the body of the plough in the place of breasts; and it is said that by this plan fewer potatoes are left in the ground than when dug by hand. A more recent contrivance consists of an ordinary plough fitted with an oblique revolving harrow, which brings the roots to the surface without bruising or injuring them. From the trampling of the horses when at plough, and from other causes, the earth below the furrow becomes hard and almost impervious to water. For breaking up land of this kind, what is termed a subsoil plough is used. In addition to these, recent inventors have produced ploughs and corn-sowers combined, so that at one operation the land is tilled and the seed sown.

It is a remarkable fact that no sooner does any particular machine or system appear to be approaching perfection than some other device is brought forward which is more efficient, and which will achieve the same object with a great saving of time and expense. We have a forcible illustration in this connection with the cultivation of the land, for as soon as the horse-plough was considered as almost perfect, the mighty agent steam, already at work in almost every other department of industry, was introduced, and rendered its all-powerful aid.

Steam-ploughs are constructed so as to turn as many as eight furrows at one time, and the several modified forms of these implements to suit every kind of tillage operation, have been introduced into the steam implements in the same manner as in those for horse-power already described. Machines worked by steam can, however, be put into operation where implements drawn by horse-power would be altogether useless. The advantage of steam cultivation will thus be evident; for by its use immense tracts of waste lands have been converted into fruitful fields. To those entirely unacquainted with the principle upon which the steam-plough is worked, it may be well to briefly state the mode of operation. An engine, sometimes self-propelling, is placed in, or immediately outside, the field about to be cultivated. To this engine, or to a windlass worked in connection therewith, is attached a pair of drums, supplied with several hundred yards of wire-rope. The rope is attached to either side of the implement, while opposite to the engine at the other end of the field, as well as at other points, according to circumstances, are placed anchors and pulleys to keep the rope in position. When all is ready the engine is put in motion, the drum containing the rope is made to revolve, and the implement, with a man riding on it to steer, is drawn to and fro, turning over or breaking up the ground with the greatest ease.

The amount of work which can be done by the steam-plough in a great measure depends on the nature of the land to be tilled. Some idea may be conveyed on this point when it is stated that on land where the work, six inches deep, of a single plough



with three horses would average three roods per day, a steam plough with three furrows would turn over from six to eight acres ten or twelve inches deep. In place of the plough a cultivator is sometimes used; this is fitted with tines, with which the land is broken or "smashed" up, and under favourable circumstances fifteen to twenty acres per day may thus be cultivated. The work described would be adapted for such machinery as that shown in our illustration, and the cost of working per day in England somewhat as follows:—engine-driver, 3s.; ploughman, 2s. 6d.; two boys, 1s. 4d., to remove and replace, as the plough proceeds, the porters which are placed in different parts of the field to keep the rope off the ground; average consumption of fuel, 10 cwt., say 10s.; oil, 1s. Steam-ploughs have been sent from this country to nearly all parts of the world, and are now engaged in reclaiming and converting into prolific food-producing fields what were once vast tracts of land utterly barren and waste. It is a remarkable fact that machinery for steam cultivating can be sent from this country to the Australian and other colonial ports at a less rate of freight per ton than for similar goods sent three or four hundred miles on our own railways.

When the system of steam cultivating was in its earliest experimental stage, attempts were made by more than one inventor to introduce a plan of drawing ploughs by locomotive engines, on the same plan as a railway carriage is drawn. It was found, however, in many instances, that not only did the engine fail to move the implement it was intended to work, but on account of its enormous weight it would not even move itself. During these experiments the wheels sometimes sank so far into the ground that no little difficulty was experienced in the work of extrication. At other times a complete upset was the result of the trials.

The modern plough, as produced by the large manufacturers, has arrived at such a state of perfection in form and construction, that in reality it partakes more of the nature of a highly-finished piece of machinery than an ordinary implement for the rough work of the field. A plough for the general use of the farm, fitted in the most approved style, consists of no less than a hundred pieces; in the making of it almost as many different workmen are employed. Each part is made with the utmost care to a standard pattern, and readily interchangeable.

Let us, however, pay an imaginary visit to one of our large plough manufactories, and first proceed to the foundry, or cast-iron department. Stopping at the furnace from which the molten metal is flowing, men are seen waiting for their supply of iron, with which, notwithstanding the united forces of heat and weight to contend against, they hurry off with remarkable activity, while one consigns the liquid iron to a mould in black sand formed in the shape of a ploughshare, a second in the form of a slide; other moulds are intended to produce frames, wheels, breasts or mould-boards, rests, couplings, etc., etc. As the principal wearing part of the plough, particular attention is paid to the manufacture of the share, so that, in size, shape, and material, it shall be everything that is required. As a means of hardening that part of the share which is most subjected to wear, a peculiar contrivance has been provided, by which a jet of water passes over the metal while in a heated state. The iron thus acted upon is rendered almost as hard as steel. Before the

castings have had time to become cold, they are conveyed to an adjoining department, where they are put into the hands of men called "fettlers," who trim the fittings, and take off, either with file or chisel, any rough edges which may present themselves. During the time the work just described is going on in the foundry department, the manufacture of the wrought-iron portion of the plough, such as the beams and handles, draught chains, wheel standards, etc., is being proceeded with in the forging department, each workman as far as possible being kept to the making of one particular part, so as to ensure accuracy and uniformity. In another department, the different parts of the plough, after having undergone the several processes of dressing, drilling, glazing, etc., as necessity may require, are gathered together, and then made up into complete implements. In every stage of the manufacture the greatest precision is observed in the formation of the different parts, as well as in the putting together of the plough, and by this means one piece is an exact copy of the same fitting belonging to any other implement of the same pattern. The necessity for this accuracy will be apparent when it is stated that ploughs are exported in large numbers from this country to all the kingdoms in the world, that the wearing parts are constantly in need of renewal, and that these are, as a rule, supplied by the makers of the implement. As the principal fittings have their respective marks and numbers, it is only necessary for these to be stated by the purchaser to ensure the proper execution of his order. Having passed through the successive stages of the fitting-shop, the implement is carefully examined and tested by an experienced foreman, and then handed over to the painting department, where its colour is quickly changed to a dark blue, a colour which appears to be almost universally adopted by the trade. The plough then goes forth to do its necessary part in breaking up the fields.

J. P.



## Varieties.

**SAXON BRIDAL COUPLE.**—A German correspondent sends the following notes, translated from the "Gartenlaube," in illustration of the picture of the Saxon bridal couple. More than seven hundred years ago, Geysa II, King of Hungary, allowed German colonists to immigrate into that part of old Dacia now called Siebenbürgen. Some of them were from the Rhine country, whence they brought the name of their new home; the greatest number came from the Hartz, most of them being mountaineers. Thuringia gave in time the name of Saxons to all German natives of Siebenbürgen. These Saxons kept, amongst many other good customs of their German forefathers, the usage of "betrothal," and, notwithstanding their great distance from the ancient fatherland, the similarity of procedure, as represented in the picture in a previous number (p. 297), will be remarked by many a German reader in Saxony and elsewhere. In this manner the German bridegroom still puts the ring on the finger of his bride. Both are very good looking, for real good German features are still met with in those exiled Saxons after seven centuries.

Let us go into the family room, the arrangement of which will make German readers remember their own home in many ways. First of all, we notice an extraordinary neatness; in the left corner of the room, the shelves run almost as high as the ceiling, and hold the Saxon housewife's numerous dishes and plates. On the right of them is the large trunk, customary in the country. All the furniture is painted over with the brightest and gayest colours, on the ground of which large flowers (roses and lilies) and figures are mingled. Near the ceiling runs a kind of wooden rack, holding on its upper part earthen showdishes, painted over, and beneath on wooden pegs a splendid row of earthen jugs, likewise painted. In case the plate-shelves are on the left side, we find on the right the white, richly embroidered curtains covering over a bed towered up to the ceiling, and showing here and there likewise richly embroidered pillow, bolster, and eider-down, in linen cases. Splendour and number of showdishes and jugs, elevation of the four-post bed, a rich supply of the finest linen, form the Saxon housewife's pride and wealth, and her marriageable daughter's estimated dowry. Between shelves and bed is a bench reaching as far as the table, on which a cover, white or black or red, and embroidered, always makes a show. Before the table is the principal group of our picture, the Siebenbürgen-Saxon young man and his betrothed. At the first peal of the church bell the youth has hastened to his bride, to lead her to church, as is the custom, and to receive for the occasion the large, never-failing bouquet (rosemary and musk never absent) which he fixes with pride on the broad brim of his hat, or holds modestly in his hand. His bride is evidently dressed ready for the church. On the blue skirt adorned with ribbons she puts on the embroidered white muslin apron, and over it the elegant—likewise richly embroidered—jacket; on her head is the Siebenbürgen-Saxon maid's characteristic velvet hat, under which her long, fair hair falls in plaits. We surprise the couple in the moment when he puts the ring on her finger. Is it not as if he said with the old Saxon saying:—

"Here give I thee the ring of faith,  
Would to God thou never repent"?

**FOOTBALL.**—The recent death of a young man of high promise, Sydney Branson, from injuries received in a football match, has again called attention to the rules of the game. The coroner said "that the game, as at present played, is very brutal;" and we quite agree with him, so far as respects the Rugby rules, which are now usually followed at matches. Here are some of the Rugby rules:—

"It is lawful to hold any player in a maul, but this holding does not include attempts to throttle or strangle.

"No player may be hacked (kicked on the shins or legs) and held at the same time.

"No hacking with the heel, or unless below the knee, is fair.

"No one wearing projecting nails, iron plates, or guttapercha, on the soles of his boots or shoes, shall be allowed to play."

The very terms of these rules suggest coarse violence, utterly alien from honourable and gentlemanly sport. They date back from the days of bull-baiting and prize fights, and other brutal amusements. Those who defend the Rugby rules have no

right to say a word against the kicking of men and of women, which has brought disgrace on the factory districts. The injury to the person is not the main intention in either case; the hacking and maiming at Rugby being due to the excitement of sport, and the kicking in other cases being due to the excitement of anger or drink. But the hardening of the heart is apparent in both practices. While such heartless violence is allowed and defended at a great public school, it is no wonder that brutality increases among "the lower orders," or that pigeon matches and other cruel sports disgrace English society.

**Fiji KING'S WAR-CLUB.**—Before the legal formalities of annexation of the islands to British rule were proceeded with, the King presented to Sir Hercules Robinson, as a present for the Queen of England, a large club, bearing some very handsome silver ornaments. At the top is a massive crown, and the shaft is twined around with doves and fern leaves in silver. This ancient relic of cannibalism has dealt the death-blow to some hundreds of Fijians. In the Queen's rapidly-increasing collection of such curiosities, Cakobau's club may take fitting rank alongside of King Koffee's umbrella. Mr. Thurston, one of the Council, in making the presentation, said:—"The King is anxious to mark this occasion by some act consistent with Fijian ideas and usages—something analogous to the Fijian custom in taking possession and making delivery. He was at first in some little doubt as to what he should do; but at last he determined to present his own favourite war-club, which years ago was much in use, but which, under the influence of Christianity and civilisation, has been covered with emblems of peace. This club, I may mention, was designed to serve as a mace for the late Fijian Parliament. The King desires it to be conveyed to Her Majesty with the statement that its rule was at one time the only known law in the country. He says that under the old law many of his people—whole tribes—passed away and disappeared, but hundreds of thousands still remain to learn and enjoy the newer and better order of things. With this war-club the King also sends his love and respects to the Queen of England, and says that he fully depends upon Her Majesty and her children, who, succeeding her, shall become Kings of Fiji, to exercise a watchful control over the welfare of his children and people, who, having survived the era of barbaric law, are now submitting themselves, under Her Majesty's rule, to civilisation." Sir Hercules Robinson said he should have much pleasure in conveying the club to Her Majesty, and also the expressions with which the presentation was accompanied.

**ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.**—In a letter from a book-seller in Adelaide, dated January, 1875, he says:—"The prospects for this colony are very good, and hope business will be first-rate henceforth; but the colony will not advance as it ought to till there is a constant influx of immigrants month by month. The farmers are put to great inconvenience for want of hands, and nearly every department of industry is in the same state. We have been rebuilding our premises, but the work has been almost at a standstill for several weeks past, simply because there are not carpenters enough here to do the work. This ought not to be. Ten shillings per day of eight hours is the wages they are now asking, and contractors are obliged to pay to complete work in hand."

**"THE VAG OF HIS TAIL."**—A gentleman was walking with his little boy at the close of the day, and in passing the cottage of a German labourer the boy's attention was attracted to the dog. It was not a King Charles, nor a black-and-tan, but a common cur. Still, the boy took a fancy to him, and wanted "pa" to buy him. Just then the owner of the dog came home from his labours and was met by the dog with every demonstration of dog joy. The gentleman said to the owner, "My little boy has taken a fancy to your dog, and I will buy him. What do you ask for him?" "I can't sell dat dog!" said the German. "Look here," said the gentleman, "that is a poor dog any way, but as my boy wants him, I will give you five dollars for him." "Yaas," says the German, "I knows he is a werry poor dog, and he aint wort almost nottin, but dere ish von leetle ding mid dat dog vot I can't sell—I can't sell de vag of his tail ven I comes home at night."—*Our Dumb Animals.*

As  
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"I  
No.